



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ceivably, distract the young mind from the lure of Mutt and Jeff. Here are twelve: Barrie's *Peter Pan*; Gilbert's *The Mikado*; Mackay's *House of the Heart and Silver Thread*; Alice J. Walker's *Lafayette and Columbus*; Mrs. Burnett's

The Little Princess; *Hansel and Gretel*; Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, Eleanor Gates's *The Poor Little Rich Girl*; *Snow White*; *Alice in Wonderland* (Gerstenberg version) and Dunsany's *The Golden Doom* and *The Gods of the Mountain*.



To the Airmen

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Scorners of earth and all the voice of earth
 In tumult, all the dunes and stately hills
 And mountain-tops that battlement the world
 Scorning, in wild ascension to the poles
 Of air, O noble cavalry of the clouds,
 Hail! from the lowly and laborious plain
 Where puny strugglers crawl into their caves
 And warm their souls over the hoarded sparks
 Of sunshine in remembrance . . . Ye embrace
 The whole effulgence outright! Ye are giants
 Hewing a passage to Prometheus! Ye
 Shall break his fetters and the vulture's beak
 And hurl the gods of vengeance from their thrones
 And bring man unto paradise anew!
 For ye are winged with thunder of the heart
 And sandalled with the lightning of the soul
 To speed on high adventure and to drive
 Death like a spider from his skyey den!
 Ethereal knights, blithe Galahads of war
 Against the enemies of the dawn of hope
 Manward, ye plungers over peak to peak
 Of all the starry range of heaven, hail!
 We, from our earthy fastnesses, cry hail
 In jubliant breath soaring like altar-smoke
 To you, O corsairs of the sea of winds,
 Poets of the azure, in whose every flight
 Is romance, in whose every comet-clash
 Resounds an epic ringing to the stars!